

Democratic Enquirer.

Democratic at all Times and under all Circumstances.

VOLUME 1.

M'ARTHUR, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO; THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1867.

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Democratic Enquirer

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J. W. BOWEN,
Editor and Publisher.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(IN ADVANCE.)
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One copy, six months, .75
One copy, three months, .40
Five copies, one year, to one Post Office, \$6.25
Ten copies, one year, to one Post Office, 10.00
Our terms require payment to be made STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

A failure to give notice of a wish to discontinue at the close of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement; and no paper will be discontinued until after all arrearages shall be paid.
Papers are delivered through the mail free of postage within the county, and, also, free to subscribers living in the county, whose postoffice is out of the county.

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Ten lines, including type, or the space occupied by the same, make one square.
Each square, one insertion, \$1.00
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Notices in the local column, 10 cents per line for each insertion.
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Business Cards.

G. W. J. WOLTZ,
WATCH & CLOCK MAKER,
Three Doors East of the Hubert House,
McArthur, Ohio.
REPAIRING done to order. ^{OF}MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS correctly repaired.
^{AND} Spectacles to suit all eyes.
January 21, 1867-ly

VINTON COUNTY BANK,
(INCORPORATED.)
McArthur, Ohio.
STOCKHOLDERS:
JOS. J. McDOWELL, JAS. W. DELAY,
President, Cashier,
W. A. BROWN, A. D. BROWN, ANDREW WOLF,
E. F. BENTLEY, D. H. BENTLEY, FRANK STORCK,
A. A. ALLEN, A. A. ALLEN.

BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.
HAYING formed a co-partnership for the purpose of conducting a
GENERAL BANKING AND EXCHANGE BUSINESS,
and with ample facilities for the transaction of any business pertaining to legitimate Banking, we tender our services to the business public generally.
We BUY AND SELL EXCHANGE COIN AND BONDS. Money loaned at reasonable rates on acceptable paper. Revenue stamps always on hand and for sale. Interest paid on time deposits.
Particulars relating to remittance to Foreign Countries can obtain from our Office.
February 7, 1867-2m

DANIEL S. DANA,
Attorney at Law,
McArthur, Ohio.
WILL practice in the Courts of Vinton, Athens, and Jackson Counties; also, in the United States Courts of the Southern District of Ohio.
Office—Second story of Davis' Building, on Main Street.
January 24, 1867-ly

J. A. MONAHAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
HAMILTON, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO.
THANKFUL for the liberal patronage received for the two past years, he would say to those desiring his professional services, that he may always be found at his office or residence, on Main Street, unless absent on professional business.
February 25, 1867-ly

CHAS. BROWN, Pres't. DAN. WILL, Cash.
WILL, BROWN & CO.,
BANKERS,
One Door West Dan. Will & Bro's Store, North Side Main Street,
McARTHUR, OHIO.

DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS;
Deal in Exchange, Government Securities, Stocks, Bonds, Gold and Silver, &c.
Deposits received. Interest paid on time deposits.
Collections made at all accessible points in the United States.
United States Revenue Stamps for sale.
All business done on the most liberal terms and with the utmost promptness.
February 24, 1867-ly

CITY HOTEL,
Corner Basin and Third Streets,
HAMILTON, OHIO.
J. P. CHURCHILL, Proprietor.

SITUATED in the business part of the City, and nearest to the Rail Road Depot.
^{OF} Omnibuses run to and from every train.
January 21, 1867-ly

JOHN C. STEVENSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
JACKSON C. H., OHIO.
WILL practice in the Courts of Jackson, Vinton and other counties.
January 24, 1867-ly

H. C. MOORE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALLENSVILLE, OHIO.

AFTER an absence of two years, offers his professional services to the citizens of Allensville and surrounding country.
March 21, 1867-ly

McARTHUR ENQUIRER
BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
MALONE'S BUILDING,
J. W. BOWEN, Proprietor,
McArthur, Ohio.

All kinds of plain and fancy printing done at the very lowest prices.

Poetry.

IN THE SHADOW.

BY C. S.

Oh, the Earth is very dreary,
And the Heaven so far away;
And my heart grows weary, weary,
And heavier each day—
In the shadow.

In the shadow. Far above
Shine the sunshine calm and bright.
Not for me are hope and love,
I have but the night—
Earth's cold shadow.

Long but vainly have I waited
For the happier day to come;
To a dreary future fated,
Sit, I chilled and dumb—
In the shadow.

From the valley of despair,
From the loneliness of night,
Until Thee goes up my prayer,
God of life and light!
Pierce the shadow!

Lift me, lift me up to Thee,
From the lonely, weary night
Let my eyes the morning see;
Raise me up into Thy light
Raise the shadow!

TELL ME.

Tell me thy winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where bachelors come no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Where no moustache is seen;
Where long-eared dandies never come,
Ourselves and fun between?

There came a murmur from the distant sea,
A low, sad tone, which whispered, 'No, sir-ee.'

Tell me, thou misty deep,
Where billows roared me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where merry girls may find
A rest from soft-dough faces,
And hear themselves called women,
Nor likened to the graces?

Soon did the misty deep its answer give,
By murmuring, 'Not while brandy-amashes live.'

And thou, serenest moon,
What language dost thou utter,
While gazing on the gentleman
Whose head is in the gutter?
Say, hast thou in thy round
Gazed on some favored spot,
Where hats know not the weight of brick,
And where diggers are not?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And in Italian answered, 'No! no! no!'

Tell me my secret soul—
Oh, tell me Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From fops, and beaux and coasts,
Is there no happy spot
Where womankind are blest,
Where man may never come,
And where the girls may rest?

Faith, Truth, and Hope—hooms to mortal given,
Waved their bright wings and answered,
'Yes, in Heaven.'

FAMILY JARS.

Jars of jelly, jars of jam,
Jars of potted beef and ham,
Jars of gooseberries nice,
Jars of mince-meat, jars of spice,
Jars of orange marmalade,
Jars of pickles all home-made—
Would the only jars were these
Which occur in families!

Nor always tears bespeak of grief,
To joy no less they bring relief;
In cloudless summer rain we meet—
The joy-drops of its genial heat.

Select Story.

THE RECOVERED LETTERS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

THREE days before the wedding! and Rachel Piercy was kneeling in her boudoir, where a blood-red banner of lurid sunset light flamed and trembled among the scattered flowers and jewels, and tiny cut-glass perfume stands that ornamented her dressing-bureau; kneeling—but not in the quiet, peaceful attitude of prayer. No; the beautiful scarlet lip, compressed by cruel white teeth—the hands pressed tightly across the forehead—the cheeks white as the pallid marble of some fair monumental statue—all told a far different tale than that of a maiden's innocent prayer.

She was very beautiful, and dark, with the rich crimson of Jewish blood glowing in her veins, although that Hebrew ancestry had long since been merged in the past. Dark, with velvet-red cheeks and glorious liquid eyes floating beneath heavy-fringed lashes, while the luxuriant black hair, brushed away from her pure cream-tinted forehead, fell in soft masses curls, shot with purplish shadows. Rachel was as beautiful as Queen Esther might have been; but how willingly would she have exchanged all that beauty for a little peace!

'What shall I do?' she murmured, looking vaguely out across the sylvan beauty of the quiet park, all flooded in evening splendor. 'O, merciful heavens! what is there left for me to do? To think that this blow should fall on me, at this moment of all others, just when the cup of fortune and happiness was so close to my lips! It is too hard—too hard!'

She uttered a low bitter groan, as her eyes fell on a crumpled, dirty ball of paper that lay on the floor beside her; evidently a note.

'My darling Rachie,' it read, 'don't let your surprise and pleasure at again hearing from me—and so unexpectedly, too—quite overpower you. Meet me to-night, at seven, at the weeping birch tree, on the edge of the Lake Woods. —If I do not see you, punctual to the moment, I shall take prompt measures to cultivate the acquaintance of the gentleman whom you are about to make happy. Adieu, *Ma petite*.
Yours, devotedly, while the cash lasts, MALCOLM.'

'There is no help for it,' she moaned to herself. 'While he retains possession of those letters, I am as completely his slave as if my golden bracelets were linked fetters of iron. If Herbert knew all, he would be the last one to judge me harshly for the mad, school-girl infatuation that has placed me so cruelly in Malcolm Wayne's power. But he cannot know all—and the letters I wrote when hardly more than a child bear cruel evidence against me. No; there is no help for it. I must try what a last appeal will do!'

And Rachel Piercy shrouded her rich dress of glimmering purple silk, shot with golden gleams, in a sombre black mantle, and stole down through the overhanging shadows of twilight, to the weeping birch-tree, on the outermost verge of the woods, to meet the hard and merciless man who held her fate in his hands!

He was there before her, pacing up and down the smooth greenward, and glancing over and anon shrewdly at his watch; a tall, stylish-looking man, with blue eyes, fair wavy hair, and aquiline features, while there was a something worn and blue in his whole appearance that can scarcely be described. He nodded his head, with an intensely disagreeable smile, as Rachel swept down the narrow path, her liquid black eyes full of troubled light, and angry roses burning on her cheeks.

'You haven't grown at all ugly, my dear Rachie,' he said, in a light, mocking tone, as he bowed a ceremonious greeting. 'Upon my word, you do the greatest credit to Mr. Herbert Montpensier's choice!'

'I did not come here to listen to this strain of idle compliment,' said Rachel, coldly. 'Why did you send for me?'

'To get money, Rachel, of course, since you will insist on coming directly to business!'

'How much?' she demanded, briefly.

'Well—just at present—say two thousand dollars.' 'I have not got it to give you,' she answered, with desperate calmness. 'I have already given you more, far more than I could spare. How many hundreds have you taken from me before this?'

Miss Piercy. Then I shall have the pleasure of a personal interview with Mr. Montpensier, at whose mansion you are at present such an honored guest.—He will, of course, be deeply interested in anything that appertains to you, your early correspondence included.'

Rachel uttered a low, sobbing cry. 'Give me the letters, Malcolm—give them to me? Have you no mercy? no compassion?'

'Don't know what the words mean,' calmly retorted Mr. Wayne. 'I know what money means, and that is the extent of my knowledge, as far as you are concerned, Rachel, my dear. You would not marry me; you turned up your pretty nose at my manifold merits, and flung me away, a broken plaything—a useless toy. Now, my royal Queen of Hearts, I have it in my power to settle up various little accounts.'

'Of course I would not marry you when I learned that you were a villain,' returned Rachel, haughtily.

'Complimentary, my dear,' nodded Wayne. 'No, you wouldn't marry me, but had previously written me some very pretty letters, which I have no doubt Mr. Montpensier will fully appreciate.'

She fell on her knees, this proud, haughty young thing, with imploring eyes and clasped hands.

'Malcolm, as you hope for mercy here and hereafter, return those letters to me. On my knees I ask it of you!'

He shook his head, with a sneering, exultant laugh.

'Graceful, Rachel, and dramatic, ineffective. No—those letters you do not have!'

'Then do your worst!'

'Exactly; I shall proceed to an interview with Mr. Montpensier—'

'He is not at home.'

'Not just now, but he will be. In the meantime I shall go back to my inn—I believe there's a short cut through the woods, across that very picturesque little river,—and smoke a quiet cigar while I marshal my forces into full line of battle! Bon soir! Rachie; pleasant dreams to you!'

He raised his hat jauntily from his light curls, and disappeared into the woods where the fire-flies were glowing through the purple dusk, and the full moon, round and beautiful as a shield of quivering fire, was rising behind the tree-tops.

It was nearly an hour afterwards, and Rachel Piercy was still sitting on the curved trunk of the gnarled, weeping birch-tree, when a tender hand fell on hers.

'Herbert!'

'Then it is yourself, Rachel, and no wraith? My dearest, what are you doing here?'

'I have been walking,' said Rachel, with a guilty tinge in her cheeks.

'Walking? and alone? But that reminds me, Rachel, to ward you against crossing the bridge over the river in your various wanderings. Yesterday's violent storm washed away the supports, the boards are all displaced, and for a day or two it will be quite impassable. My love, how pale you are!'

'Pale, am I? Nay, Herbert, it is nothing more than the effect of the moon-light.'

But she never opened her inlaid writing desk. For nearly an hour she sat in silence, waiting for every sound to die out within the house. Then, when all was hushed and still, she rose and shrouding her silk draperies once more in the dark folds of the black cloak, she stole down stairs and out at a garden door, as noiselessly and light as a floating vapor.

The full moon still rode high in the violet-dark heavens, and the pathway down to the woods was nearly as light as day. In the copse, however, it was much darker, except where the white radiance flickered down through moving leaves and densely foliated branches, all sparkling and dripping with dew. Still she kept on, until the silver gleam of the river flashed between the tree-trunks—kept on until she stood close to the treacherous bridge.

It was as she had thought. One or two boards had fallen from the flooring—the rail was gone. And leaning over the steep bank, Rachel's eager eye caught the white, ghastly gleam of something far below, which was neither white rock, nor group of water-flowers!

A narrow foot-path wound down the abrupt declivity—Rachel hurried over the wet grass and sharp stones, heedless of her trailing dress and light kid slippers, until she reached the very shore of the river.

She was prepared for the ghastly sight; she had known what she was to behold; yet a chill of icy horror seemed to grasp her heart as Malcolm Wayne's dead face stared up into hers, white and rigid as if carved in stone! He had been immediately killed by the fall; she knew it by the way his arm was doubled up under him, and the cruel rocks against which his head had fallen!

With a hand that trembled like the quivering aspen leaves, Rachel stooped and drew the fatal letters from his breast pocket, where she had seen them placed the evening before.

'I am not robbing the dead—I am but recovering my own!' she repeated shudderingly to herself, as with one last look at the evil, handsome face that had once been so dear to her—a face where the sneer seemed yet to linger in its rigidity—she flitted away, with the letters clasped close to her heart!

The light burned quietly beneath its shade as she once more entered her room. She walked straight to the lamp, removed its globe, and held the yellow letters above the white spire of flame—held them until the last burning fragment scorched her lovely, slender fingers.

And then, when all that was left of them was a few feathery tufts of ashes, Rachel threw herself on the sofa with a wild burst of tears and sobs—the first tears she had shed for weeks!

'Free! free at last!' she wailed, with her face buried in the pillows, and her heart throbbing with inexpressible thankfulness.

She was very pale the next morning, when they told her at the breakfast table, of the dreadful fate that had overtaken some unknown traveller, who had unwarily undertaken to cross the dangerous bridge!

'Is it not dreadful?' said Mrs. Montpensier.

'Yes, it is,' said Herbert, 'but I am sorry you told her, mother; I don't want the least shadow to cloud my Rachel's face the day before our wedding!'

But Rachel looked at him with a dewy sparkle in her eyes, that answered the happiness in his own heart; a sufficient guarantee that the coming day would be the brightest and the happiest of all her life!

The cloud had passed away, and Rachel's sky was clear again!

Miscellaneous.

ONE of the most touching instances of fidelity of which we have ever read, and one which has a lesson for human beings, is said to have occurred on the Seine at Paris: A young man who wanted to drown his dog took him in a boat and threw him overboard. While pushing the animal from the boat with his oar he fell overboard, and would have been drowned had not his dog held him up till assistance came and rescued him.

JOHN NEWTON once said: 'The art of spreading rumors may be compared to the art of pin-making. There is usually some truth, which I call the wire; as this passes from hand to hand one gives it a polish, another a point, others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed.'

FOR life is general there is but one degree; youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret.

WHY is a strong letter? Because it is always in health.

A Good One.

HUNT, of the American House, is one of the best story tellers that ever kept a good hotel. The following is one of his, which we do not remember to have seen in print before. Hear him:

Upon a crowded steambot, going down the Ohio, was an Indian with a fiddle, which fiddle he thought he could play 'up to the handle,' and without consulting the taste of his audience, which, owing to the crowded state of the boat, was a real 'Ole Ball house,' he poured forth, or rather scratched out, some of the most diabolical music that ever mortals listened to. Upturned noses and loud laughs availed nought, for this Paganini thought he was some, and all the world could not convince him to the contrary. When we say 'all the world,' we must except a Kentuckian, who got on board at Louisville, and who was so excessively bored that he set his wits to work to stop his playing.

He waited until the fiddler had worked himself up to the highest notes in the 'Witches' Dance' then he deliberately squatted himself on hands and feet, by the side of the Indian's chair, and gave two or three delicious imitations of the bray of a jackass. The now discomfited player dropped his fiddle and mizzled, nor did he show himself on deck again until the Kentuckian had reached his destination and disembarked. Then out came the fiddle, and again commenced the music.

A very sensitive Frenchman on board, after holding his ears and shouting to drown the music, at last burst out with—

'Zat dam fiddle! Vill he nevaire stop? Vere iz ze Kentuckienne; ze—what you call him?—ze man what play on ze jack-ass!'

GARDEN SEEDS.—Every good gardner should now be looking after the seed that he is to sow. Of the choice varieties, the supply will probably be much less than the demand; and the stock frequently gives out before planting time, as was the case with some seed last year. It is scarcely necessary to remind farmers and gardeners of the importance of good seeds—good, not only as being of a good variety, but good as to their germinating properties. Old seeds are often a source of great loss and disappointment and many are offered for sale which are only fit to be thrown away.

THE BROWN FAMILY.—A gentleman has told the Buffalo Advertiser that on a recent trip from San Francisco to New York he had some fellow-passengers by the name of Brown. This family came originally from California, but had resided at different times in Nebraska and Nevada. Besides the old gentleman and his wife, there were three daughters, named respectively, Nebraska Brown, California Brown and Nevada Brown. Mrs. Brown would frequently say to her eldest daughter—

'Come here, Nebraska, and bring California and Nevada with you,—at which the other passengers chose to 'laugh.'

It is with little-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out.

OUR SPICE BOX.

A LADY under great affliction, which she did not bear in a very angelic way, once said to her friend:

'Oh, my dear! what should I have done in all this world religion?'

'I am sure I cannot tell,' was the answer, 'but you could not have done much worse than you have with religion.'

A LITTLE, keen, bright-eyed girl of four years, on a visit one evening, was assisted on the lap of a gentleman friend, and on being told by her mother that she was too large a baby to hold, retorted almost immediately, accompanying the words with a gesture,

'Why, girls of nineteen sit on laps, and you wouldn't call them babies, would you?'

Housekeeper. Why, Bridget, what have you done with the cream? Those children can not eat skim-milk for breakfast.

Servant. [A recent and rare importation from the old country.] Shure, marm, and it isn't myself that would be after givin' the cream to yees. I tuk that off and gave it to the east.

LUCKY DAYS.—In the Rhymes and Proverbs we find these lines on wedding days:

Monday for health,
Tuesday for wealth,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
And Saturday as luck at all.